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MATRIMONIAL OVERTURES,

FROM

AN ENAMOUR'D LADY,

TO

Lord G----- G-rm--ne.

LONDON:
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MCCLXXVIII.

Annex
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TO

Lord G----- G-rm---e.

MUCH-lov'd G-rm---e, with kind attention view
The virgin's weakneſs who now ſighs for you:
Ah, let thy D'Eon's firſt-born fondneſs move,
And Pity's ſelf importunate for love!
Long did this heart, relentleſs, ſcorn to yield,
Nor felt a wound except in honour's field;
Long too my ſex and weakneſs both unknown,
I bluſh'd to tell, what now I burn to own.
Ah, hapleſs D'Eon! muſt the ſtubborn heart
That brav'd rude Mars, now ſhrink at Cupid's dart?

Yet

Yet thus the gods decree---and thou, G-RM---E,
Art the dear author of my ſacred flame!
Could but our hands in wedlock's ties combine,
Not Fancy's ſelf could paint a bliſs like mine!
The happy union Britain's ſtate would feel,
A glorious bulwark of the public weal.
Should in the field our talents once unite,
Thou canſt retreat, and I, G-rm---e, can fight:
Alike in council would our powers be great,
Thy daring raſhneſs now o'erturns the ſtate:
There ſhould my ſex's timidneſs appear,
And, ev'n G--m---e, ſhould be ſurpaſs'd in fear.
Tho' now he braves the terrors of the war,
And ſpurns at danger---when the *battle's far*.
In Stephen's chappel, gallant, fierce and great,
He looks intrepid on a legion's fate:
Hears Mars's thunder, eyes the flying ball,
And dares the rebel cannon---*at Whitehall*.
His dauntleſs ſoul could deck the face with ſmiles,
Were ARNOLD's ſelf within---*two thouſand miles*;

Nor

Nor in *Pall-Mall* could ought diſturb his eaſe,
Tho' HOPKINS cruize within the Britiſh *ſeas*.

Come then, my love! my hero, come away!
In D'Eon's arms thy proweſs all diſplay.
In vain attended by a nation's hate,
Diſgrace and ſcorn on all thy ſteps await.
In vain they doubt how moſt thy country's curſe,
Bad as a gen'ral, as a ſtateſman worſe.
Yet D'Eon burns, and every pow'r will move,
To rouſe thy feelings, and awaken love.
Should I again aſſume the manly form,
Perchance dubiety of ſex might warm:
Or canſt thou hear a woman's weakneſs ſue,
Who loſes all things if ſhe loſes you?

Think too, dear ſwain (and let the thought engage)
How ſuch a nuptial would delight the age:
The rites perform'd by that wiſe dean, who made
Party his god, and his religion *Trade*;

What glorious ſcenes, what viſits would enſue,
Vows how ſincere, and compliments how true!
My glowing heart anticipates delight,
To think what lordly verſe C-RL--LE would write;
Arm'd cap-a-pee in coat of tinſel'd mail,
His Arab ſkin ſhould breathe the muſky gale:
And ambidexter, ſighing beauties feel,
His head itſelf leſs fatal than his heel.*
Thrice happy youth! a mad'ning crowd demands
The ſoothing pow'rs of thy *Orphean* hands:
Go, and diſplay thoſe arts which ſenſe denote,
Chuſe *Putnam*'s wig, and faſhion *Arnold*'s coat;
Repair the miſchiefs of the tardy H--e's,
With tales of cocks and bulls, *or famiſh'd cows*.†
Next *Johnſon's* ſelf in letter'd pride, ſhould bring
The ſtiffeſt plume that grows in *Hermes'* wing:
With ſterling ſenſe, impall'd in buckram dreſs,
Like the vaſt farthingale of good queen Beſs;

* See a debate in the Houſe concerning red-heeled ſhoes.

† The Ducheſs of Devonſhire's Cow, a poem.

He

He in tremendous ſounds can all excell,
Whoſe every page takes half a year to ſpell;
Words that defy *Gargantua*'s mouth to ſpeak,
The monſtrous ſpawn of *Anglo-Celtic Greek.*

Then come your *B-te's*, *M-rphy's*, and *Shebbeares*;
With the long tribe of penſion'd pamphleteers;
Theſe but petition Favour's golden ray,
And as in duty bound ſhall ever pray.
To theſe who write, behold what trains ſucceed,
Gay, courtly trains, who neither write or read;
Firſt of the rank by merit, as by place,
Great N*** diſplays his wiſe expreſſive face;
Whoſe mighty pains have found the art to ſever
BRITANNIA's crown for ever and for ever:
Thus the brave youth who *Dian*'s temple fir'd,
By ſteps all negative to fame aſpir'd;
Thus with each wreath atrocious deeds can give,
In blood and rapine his renown ſhall live.

Then pious *S-ndw-ch* whoſe unbluſhing face,
Dar'd boaſt the honeſt merits of his place:
With fervent *prayers* our happineſs ſhould view,
Prayers moſt acceptable from being *new*;
Angels would waft them with a wild amaze,
And heav'n muſt liſten when a *S-ndw-ch* prays.
The moral S**** who blaſphemes his god,
And deems wild *Indians* his avenging rod;
Who looks unmov'd on *Tomahawks* and blood,
Since *Nature* ſent them for his maſter's good,
Shall loſe awhile the image of MAC REE,*
In warmth of heart to my G-rm--ne and me.
D-RT---TH deep vers'd in laws of holy writ,
For us, ST. PETER and ST. PAUL ſhall quit;
Shall leave his pocket-bible on the ſhelf,
And truſt the ſtock of canting to himſelf.
M--CH, R-CHF-RD, D--NB--GH, and a thouſand more,
Shall give us joy, who ne'er gave joy before.
L-TT--T-N's ſelf ſhall praiſe, and 'tis no matter,
Though half the world eſteem his praiſe *a ſatire*.

Add

* An Explanation of giving *Stretch to Indians*.
Vide Gen. Gates's Letter to Burgoyne.

Add to theſe Scenes that *Scotland*'s ſelf ſhall pour
A little myriad from her barren ſhore.
O, wondrous nation, long in arms renown'd,
Bleſt ſpot, with honour and with ſcience crown'd!
Fruitful, in virtues, probity, and parts,
The cleareſt heads, the warmeſt, braveſt hearts;
'Tis thine in truth, in learning to excel:
To act, to know, do all *but govern well.*
Forth from thy rocks proceeds th' unpoliſh'd hind,
The ſimpleſt manners, with the chaſteſt mind;
An heart humane, that beats at mis'ry's call,
And giving *pity*----gen'rous gives *his all.*
Pure in his morals, in his ſoul ſincere,
Leſs bright in talents than in judgment clear;
Yet good and juſt, that nature's parent eyes,
View him thus far with rapture and ſurprize.
But, ah, ſad balance! Lo, with theſe he brings
A mean idolatry for courts and kings
On clanniſh principles inur'd a ſlave,
Forgets th' intrinſic worth that nature gave;

To

To *Drummond's* care at firſt he comes conſign'd,
And ſome clerk's place enjoys his ſoaring mind;
Then writes his friends, and charms each wondring ear,
With ſplendid tales of thirty pounds a year.
Now uninform'd he roams the town along,
Fawning on each ſmart 'prentice in the throng:
And, ſtruck with awe, un-bonnets in the ſtreets,
To every gay lac'd livery he meets;
Kneels to *ſupporters*, though on Hackney-Coach,
And proſtrates at the *trumpeter's* approach.

Grown more expert, at length, though ſcarce more wiſe,
Scarce leſs abſurd to reaſon's candid eyes;
Through his whole life the ſame achievements reign,
Exchange their objects, but their views retain.
At diſtance now his lordſhip's carriage charms,
He ſtudies *heraldry*, and knows the arms;
Then of each *Fameely* he learns the date;
And bred at *Glaſgow* mottoes can tranſlate:

Viſits

Viſits the butler, but is ſore afraid
To riſk expence, and court my lady's maid.

At length, attendance and obſequious care,
The wiſh'd-for road to mightier ſcenes prepare:
His daily pains my Lord's remark engage,
Who finds him toilful, vigilant, and ſage;
Then once appointed, honours croud in faſt,
Agent, contractor, member too at laſt.
Fixt in the houſe, ſtaunch firmneſs fills his ſeat,
Nor ſhifts, till miniſters themſelves are beat:
Then to the next of courſe his votes belong,
And gain moſt merit when moſt groſſly wrong:
Therefore by certain conſequence they're beſt,
When *R--hm--d*, *Ch-th-m*, *R-ck-ngh-m* proteſt.

Now ſhine the honours of the northern race,
Haughty in office, ſervile in diſgrace;
With ſlaviſh tenets, luſt of power ally'd:
Mean avarice, and conſequential pride.

Would ye, kind gods, a gen'rous bounty ſend,
Some unplac'd Scot, Oh, let me call my friend!
Give ſuch the helm in every rival ſtate,
Whoſe hoſtile grandeur merits *Gallia*'s hate:
But e'er *Scotch* councils ſhould my country guide,
Be *Turkey*, *Barb'ry*, or th' *Infernals* try'd.

Mark hence, my love, what crouds to us would bend,
Our greatneſs worſhip, and our ſteps attend.
Has this no weight? Will not G-RM--NE agree,
And feel theſe motives to enforce my plea?
If not, behold a weeping virgin ſue,
Truſting the wonders female charms can do.
And ſuch is beauty's power o'er plaintive ſtrains,
Our boſoms realize what *Hartley* feigns.
When *Evelina* mourns th' impending ſtroke,*
What breaſt but burns to ſave the *ſacred oak?*
And when *Andromache* takes leave of joy, †
Pit, Boxes, Gall'ries, all cruſade to *Troy*.

* In Caractacus.

† In the Diſtreſſed Mother.

Canſt

Canſt thou, my love, be more unkind than they?
When D'Eon's tongue pours forth th' expreſſive lay?
How happy ſhe, to view ſuch dangers paſt,
If nat'raliz'd an Engliſh wife at laſt;
Bleſt clime! now quitting freedom's idle dance,
With wiſer tenets near approaching *France*;
Where *Bills of Right*, and *Charters* near forgot,
A regal rule forebodes a happier lot.
Where *Newton* once pervaded light and ſkies,
And now philoſophers hunt *butterflies*.
Whoſe very books to faſhion wiſely leaning,
For ſtile and period barter ſtrength and meaning;
Whoſe bards as wiſely make a juſt pretence
To florid *ſound*, neglecting vulgar *ſenſe*.
Theſe are thy honours;----that by modern fires,
The feeble gleam of ancient worth expires.

When ſtranger firſt I landed on thy coaſt,
And ſought thoſe names which once were *Albion*'s boaſt;
Virtue I found diffus'd o'er all the nation,
Sublimely great----*in ev'ry dedication*.

In *Chaſtity* how Britiſh dames excel,
Tenducci and *Jack Cavendiſh* could tell.
Temp'rance was indiſpos'd from having eat
Six pounds of veniſon at a city treat.
Immortal *Honour*, rich in brother's blood,
Freſh from a duel, here tremendous ſtood;
Juſtice lay ſtill, for *Juſtice* never ſees,
Sight is ſupplied by *Feeling*-----for the fees,
Good-breeding ſcarce one knew, but all referr'd
To *Dr. J-hn--n* to explain the word.
Meek *Charity* ſate weeping in the ſtocks,
Only for having robb'd the alms-houſe box.
Splendour had quitted all his banners gay,
For peaceful ſcenes of butter-milk and whey;
His noble manſion fill'd ſo wondrous faſt,
It left no room to hold himſelf at laſt.*
Ungen'rous *Saville* too had juſt left town,
And carried *Worth* and *Patriot Ardour* down;
But yet I found, that *Genius*, reſting there,
Lodg'd in St. *George*'s fields, for wholeſome air.

There

* This is thought to have happened in *Portman-Square*; for further particulars enquire of Meſſrs. Chr-ſtie and Anſ-ll.

There *Liberality* adorned the throne,
Thy feats, great G*, proclaimed her all thine own:
Thy councils firm, and wiſe, and juſt, have giv'n
To weſtern ſhores the choiceſt boon of heav'n;
The *riſing ſtates* with grateful rapture ſee,
They owe their darling liberty to thee;
Hence to thy name each glorious Pæan rings,
The wiſeſt ſtateſman, and *the beſt of kings*.

Conceive, G-rm--ne, the happy union ty'd,
Thou ſtill array'd in miniſterial pride;
Think then how bright would D'Eon's talents ſhine,
In rule deſpotic, if ally'd with thine.
Then more than H--- ſhouldſt thou delay the fight:
Then ſhould my pen B-rg--ne himſelf outwrite:
Who darts terrific ſyllables from far,
The *Cronon-Hothon-Thologos* of war:
Could one believe the mighty things he wrote,
He'd force each rebel down his neighbour's throat;

Like

Like *Wantley*'s *dragon* ſwallow towns and houſes,
Whilſt milder *Indians* only eat their ſpouſes.
Troth he has led (and may like *Falſtaff* tell)
His Ragamuffins where they're pepper'd well;
Yet Juſtice owns thoſe gallant troops demand
The freſheſt laurels from their country's hand:
She mourns her ſons who bravely met their fate,
The end miſtaken, though the means were great.
Valour alone to virtuous man is giv'n,
But victory depends on *right* and heav'n.
Then led by us, ſhould *Albion*'s ſons unite,
Aweful in peace, and terrible in fight;
Then in *Hyde Park* great G* ſhou'd take the field,
Bid ſquadrons charge, and flying link-boys yield;
And brave in perſon all the direful war,
Secure of laurels gain'd without a ſcar.
O wondrous valour without chance of fear!
Ev'n thou, G-RM--NE, might'ſt be a ſoldier here.
Then too each year ſhould gallant war-ſhips ride,
Their m-n-rch's playthings, once their country's pride;

Ships

Ships all bedizen'd in Rag-Fair array,
Should charm the S-v-r---n and delight Miſs R-;
Whilſt neighbouring ſhores, with peaceful cannon ring
The *rattles*, not the *reaſons* of a king.*
Then on my lips all ſoft perſuaſion hung,
Sage truths ſhould iſſue from a woman's tongue:
To *N -th* I might ſuggeſt---" Preſerve your head,
" The laws of gravity preponderate lead;
" It totters now, a people's wrath may riſe,
" Dreadful, and quick as light'ning from the ſkies."
To *S--dw--h* cry, " Beware of peculation;
" *Tower-Hill* is dangerous when one robs a nation."
To *M---f---d* whiſper ſoft, " My Lord, retire,
" Whilſt courts attentive liſten and admire;
" Bear off th' applauſe, ſo well, ſo juſtly won,
" Nor truſt the weakneſs of a ſetting ſun.
" Already thoſe who mark'd its noon-tide ray,
" Obſerve meridian brilliancy decay;

* *Ultima ratio regum*, was the inſcription on the cannon of Lewis XIV.

" And mournful own, the petulance of age,
" Drives nervous ſenſe and quickneſs from the ſtage.
" Be timely wiſe, in parliament remain,
" Where thou haſt nought to loſe and much to gain ;
" A fate reverſe attends thy judgment-ſeat,
" There all thy fame, thy honours are complete :
" Secure the wreaths already paſt their prime,
" Nor truſt thy laurels to deſtructive Time."

O, come, *G-rm---e*, the future greatneſs ſee,
That beams from *D'Eon*, and irradiates thee !
Shall *Chatham*, ſtill my country's bane and hate,
Be ſtil'd the Saviour of the Britiſh ſtate ?
Uncheck'd, muſt ſturdy *Effingham* impart,
The honeſt dictates of a ſoldier's heart ?
O, could but England boaſt her own *Baſtile !*
Should *Richmond* dare conſult the public weal,
And think with numbers to conteſt the field ;
Virtue his Gothic armour, truth his ſhield :

And

Annexing merit not to ſounds, but things,
Should he attack the ſacred power of kings?
And, but ally'd with reaſon, ſpite of odds,
Defy all miniſters, their *demi-gods*:
Whilſt they entrench'd in ſoft corruption's charms,
" Are confident againſt a world in arms."
Yet does he ſtorm, and fume, and rage, and ſwear,
As if theſe days requir'd a patriot's care:
Shall he dare this? though doom'd to future ſhame,
With *Ruſſel*'s, *Sidney*'s, *Hampden*'s hated name!
Patience aſſiſt me! if thy powers can reach
From where B-rg--ne once gave his *Indians* ſtretch:
Elſe mournful reſt by Saratoga's floods,
Maid of the Oaks in trans-atlantic woods.
Thy wiſer line, O N***, to Fortune tends,
And wealth from thee in ſplendid ſtreams deſcends;
Her leſſons teach which plan is truly right,
To ſerve for pay, or volunteer the fight.

Will my G-RM--NE not long to ſee his wife
Lead all the *ton*, and govern modiſh life?
With fame in arms that *Orleans* maid outvies,
With critic ſkill that M-NT-GUE defies;
Whoſe true politeneſs Sp-c-r ſhould exceed,*
Or rival B-mf-de in a courſer's breed:
Of ſtallions judge from pedigree and keep,
And boldly bid ten guineas for a leap.
Not D-v-nſh-re herſelf like me ſhould ſway,
The realms of taſte and faſhions of the day:
Though every nodding plume appears to ſpring
From choſen ſpot of *Cupid*'s painted wing,
Whilſt younger Loves in ſmiling groups together,
With joyous revels ſport on every feather.
Oh, be thou kind, and then the world ſhall ſee,
Theſe more than equal'd, nay eclips'd by me.

* This is ſuppoſed an Alluſion to the humane Politeneſs of an Advertiſement concerning an Accident at Ranelagh, which trifling Attention gained Lady C* S* the Eſteem of all who ſaw it.

Enough

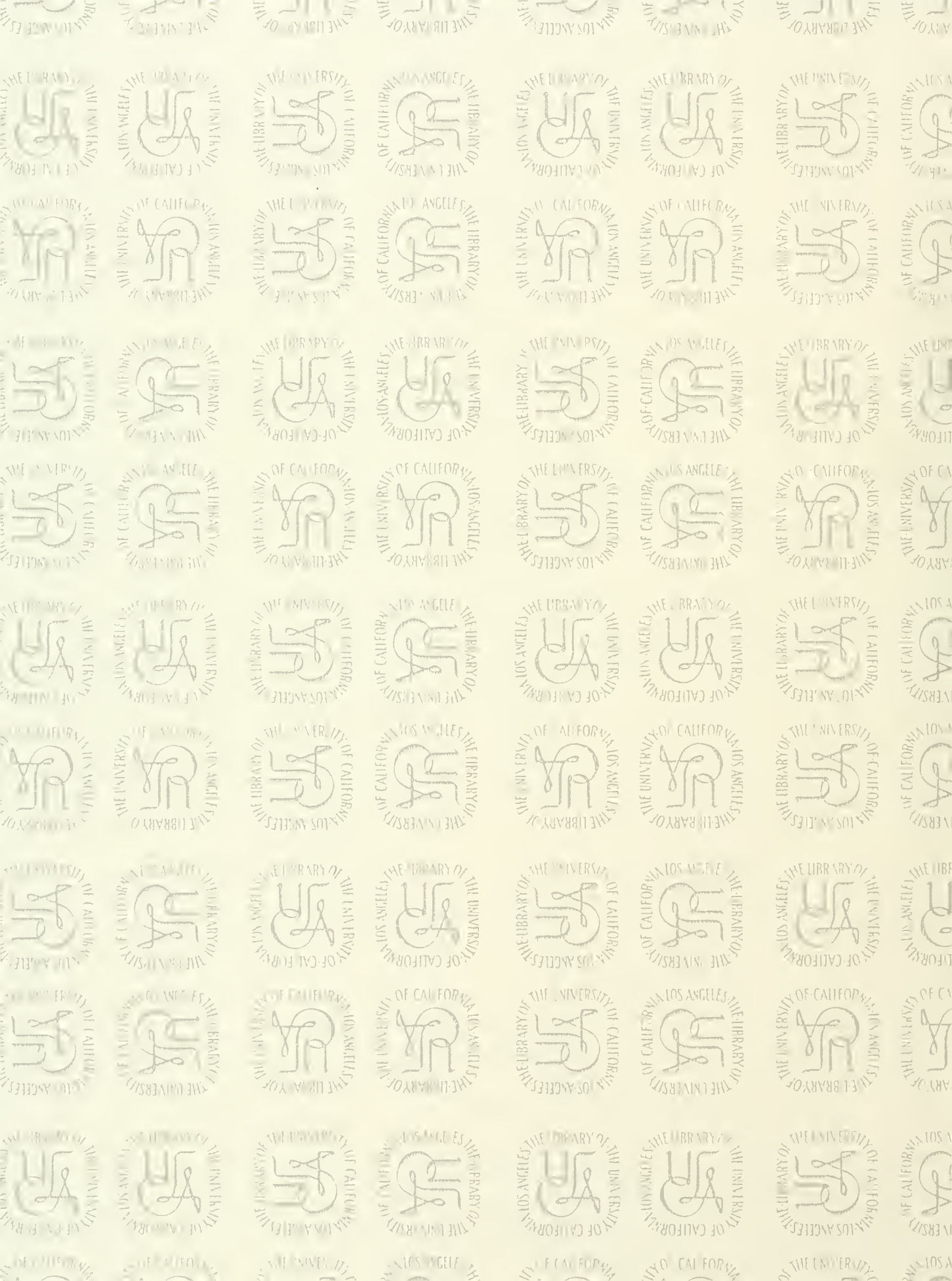
Enough, G-rm--ne, too much has love betray'd,
The tender feelings of a doating maid!
My love, my hero, my delight, impart
Which magic title moſt can touch thy heart!
Full charg'd with glory, once by change of name,
Thy modeſt wiſhes ſtrove to ſtifle fame;
And, Oh, too happy now, once more you view
As cogent reaſons to baptize anew.
Yet whether *Minden*'s name delight thine ear,
Or *Saratoga*'s muſt proclaim thee peer;
Britannia's faithful annals ſhall retain
The feats achiev'd by S-CKV-LLE and G-RM--NE.

View then theſe Tears juſt ſtarting from my eyes,
Midſt burning bluſhes that around them riſe;
Like pearly-dew-drops on ſome blooming thorn,
Seen through the gauzey veil of April morn;
Ah, let thoſe tears, thoſe burning bluſhes ſpeak,
Where language fails, and eloquence is weak!
I am no *Amazon* in hoſtile arms,
No *Gallic* foe portending war's alarms:

But

But a fond maid, who wooes thee to her breaſt,
No field of danger, but a ſcene of reſt;
There no rude ſounds, no drum but love's ſhall beat,
'Tis what G-RM--NE adores-----*a ſafe retreat.*

F I N I S.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